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RINOLOGY:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

NOSE,

And particularly of that Part of it call'd,

THE BRIDGE.

Wherein is ſhewn,

That the BRIDGE is the proper Support of the Noſe; that it is Eſſential to it; that a Noſe don't deſerve its Name without it; that the Bridge is not call'd a Bridge, becauſe the Noſe goes over it, but becauſe Salt-Water often runs by it; with natural Reaſons, why, in a wet or cold Morning, 'tis High-Water at the Bridge of the Noſe, and yet the Tide runs out at the ſame Time. To which are ſubjoin'd, ſeveral Accounts of Perſons who had High Noſes, others who had Low Noſes, others who had Flat Noſes, and ſome who had none at all.

Humbly inſcrib'd to the Family of Great Noſes.

By TIMOTHY BRIDGEABOUT, formerly Fellow of St. *Patrick*'s College, and Operator for the NOSE to the *Great Mogul.*

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RINOLOGY:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

NOSE.

MR. FOG, in a late Letter, treated largely of NOSES; ſhewed how the Long Ones led the Short Ones, and the Short Ones followed the Long Ones, with a great Variety of Noſeal-Pomp. But, I don't think, tho' he's a Man of good Senſe, that his Criticiſms, upon the whole, were juſt, or that he acted the Part of a Politico-Chirurgico Philoſopher, as he ought to have done; much leſs did he invoke the Aſſiſtance of the Muſe, in order to interſperſe his Letter with Poetry, which would have ſet it off to better Advantage. This

might be owing to Reaſons of his own; yet, I'm ſure, the Subject would admit of greater Variety, as well as an Englargement.

There is nothing, then, you muſt know, more eſſential to a good Noſe, than a firm *Bridge*: The ſtronger the latter is, the more ſolid the former; becauſe 'tis the prime Baſis, or principal Support. Whereas, if the latter be, in any-wiſe, invalidated, you might ſay, without a Soleciſm, that a Man or a Woman has no Noſe; it being, in ſuch Caſe, ſo ſubject to Diſtortion, that the Wind itſelf is apt to twiſt it; which, whenever it happens, renders a Perſon very contemptible; nay, makes him ſo deform'd and odious, that, in my Opinion, as *Horace* expreſſes it, nothing worſe can befal any one, *Quam parvo vivere Naſo.*

Some, 'tis true, have High Noſes, ſome Low Ones; which is occaſioned by their ſeveral *Bridges,* that make 'em riſe or ſubſide, either in Proportion to their Dimenſions, or elſe according to their Degrees of natural Strength: But, however, it may be looked upon to be a Paradox, by which Perſons of the firſt Claſs are more eaſily led, foraſmuch as one may get the better Hold of them. This is obvious from this Conſideration, that if you ſuppoſe a Perſon to have no Noſe, 'twere in vain for any one to attempt a Catch of it; and, by the ſame Parity of Reaſon, ſuppoſe a

Man

Man to have a Large One, he's o' courſe more eaſily got hold of, and becomes more ductile, and ſubject to Command.

Ovid was a Man remarkable for this Member, therefore ſtyl'd *Naſo*, which, ſome ſay, made many Ladies be enamour'd with him: But, be this as it will, 'tis more probable, that he was led by it into a great many Whimſies; which proves the Truth of the above Aſſertion, and helps to ſet it beyond all Diſpute: Nor can I think that a Great Noſe alone is ſufficient to make the Ladies fall in Love with any one, becauſe they better underſtand the Rules of Proportion, and know that Beauty conſiſts in the Fitneſs of Things. And, indeed, to ſay otherwiſe of them, would be to undervalue them, and repreſent them as Perſons of very weak Judgments. Beſides, 'tis well known, that ſome of 'em who had very High Noſes themſelves, thought them to be unmodiſh, or unfaſhionable, and have us'd artful Ways to lower their Bridges; Nay, one of 'em, once, as the Poet ſays, had ſo over-done the Buſineſs, in this Reſpect, that ſhe would have given any Money to have had the Thing rectified; and, doubtleſs, ſhe wiſh'd that ſhe had never tamper'd with it.

Once, on a Day, a Female Sage,
Of middle Size and ripen'd Age,
Who often play'd at Shuttle-Cock,
A Game at which ſhe had the Knack;

Or,

Or, rather than ſit on her Bottom,
Wou'd gee, ſometimes, and play at Totome,
Met a grave Don, and to him ſaid:
Oh! If you can, Sir, help a Maid ——
As I'm a Sinner——never did
A Thing prohibit or forbid:
I am as innocent a Creature,
As e'er receiv'd the Human Nature;
I am,——I ſwear by all that's good; ——
But, lo! ——This ſtands not as it ſhou'd!
You ſee my Bow-ſpret wants a Prop! ——
Now, can't your Worſhip help it up?
The Don, thus to her made reply,
Not one the Sex loves more than I;
None unto them is more obliging,
Nor better knows the Art of Bridging:
I'll try, egad, if I can do't.
But, if I anſwer not your Suit,
Muſt beg, you may not take it ill,
Nor it impute to want of Skill;
For nothing e'er I undertake,
The Cure of which I cannot make: ——
Then turn to me thy pretty Face,
So well proportion'd but *le Nez.*
She did —— He cry'd, It ne'er will riſe,
I always truſted my own Eyes:
However, —— there's a watery Pit,
That needs a Bridge as well as it;
If that wants Fund, —— there can't, by *Jove,*
A Bridge be rais'd; for that above.
He prob'd, and better prob'd again,
Next ſaid, All Things muſt ſtill remain
Juſt as they are; —— And ſo, I ſay, *Amen.*

Thus far the Poet. *

But,

* See *Bridgewater's* Poems, Vol. 1. p. 52.

But, if it ſhould be granted, that a Large Noſe may ſometimes be an Advantage to a Perſon, or conduce to his Benefit in ſome Reſpects, yet, 'tis as certain it may prove detrimental in others: Witneſs its Obnoxiouſneſs to twiſting or Ducture, as in the firſt Caſe above-mention'd; and in the ſecond, too, in which 'tis expos'd to private Demolition, without the Poſſibility of any future Remedy or Redreſs. Tho' this will be better clear'd up in the Sequel.

However, how it came to paſs, that the intermediate Part of the Noſe, which is only a Prop to it, ſhould be termed a Bridge, ſeems to me, indeed, very odd. All Men muſt know, that it's only a Column; and a Pillar, I'm ſure, ſuppoſe it to be, or Perpendicular, or Horizontal, or Oblique, can't, with any Propriety, be call'd a Bridge. If it be ſaid, that it may well enough be call'd ſo, I would only ask, for what Reaſon? Not ſure, becauſe the Noſe goes over it. No, truly, that won't do: Becauſe the whole Noſe is often made a Bridge of, and as often ſtyl'd ſuch. Thus,

If one goes into a Gin-Shop, and a Perſon happens to drink paſt another, with a *Here's at ye Peggy*, the Perſon *miſs'd*, in the Order of Drinking, will be apt to cry out with the moſt paſſionate Reſentment, *Dimme, you Fellow*, what do you make a Bridge of my Noſe for? *A'n't I as well worth a Glaſs as another? Upon my Conſcience,*

I have a great Mind to break the Cock o' your Dial, ſo I have. Peggy, forſooth, muſt be treated like a Dutcheſs! while the D——l a Drop gets *poor Bridget!* So that a better Reaſon may be given for its being call'd a Bridge, and that is, becauſe Salt-Water often runs by it. And it's generally High-Water in a wet or a cold Morning.

In order, therefore, to conſtitute the Bridge, there muſt be ſomething of Archneſs in the Noſe, or that mimicks an Arch, or, at leaſt, that anſwers the Purpoſes of it; otherwiſe one can never be ſuppoſed to ſmell well, or ſpeak diſtinctly.

I have known a little dapper Fellow, who had nothing of this Mathematical Figure, *i. e.* whoſe Noſe was neither plain nor convex, whenever he ſpoke, whiſtle like a Flagelet; and, if he at any Time attempted to raiſe his Voice, wou'd tune his Diſcourſe to ſuch a Degree, that you wou'd imagine he was ſetting the CXIXth *Pſalm* with Bag-pipes. This, G—d forgive me, made me ſometimes imagine, that he had been a great Sinner; and that his Tuning always was a Proof he had lov'd ſetting: Tho' I muſt own, indeed, it might be owing to his being ſet upon, by ſome Fellows, as rough as your Watermen, who aſſaulted him by Night, and levell'd his *Gnomon*.

Mean Time, 'tis odd, methinks, that, with all the Art Artiſts can uſe, they cannot

not make an Inſtrument, that has been us'd to be brac'd with Cat-gut, ſound muſically without a Bridge: While any Man whatever, who has no Naſeal Prop, ſhall tune as naturally as a Milk-woman cries *Meyou!*

Whether or no ſome Perſons mayn't do ſo from Conſtitution, I ſhall not, at preſent, take upon me to decide. The *French*, 'tis certain, ſpeak all thro' their Noſes, and can't ſpeak without them: Nay, ſo eſſential is a Noſe to their Pronunciation, that, cut off that Member, and you cut off their Tongue. And this is one Reaſon why they never can pronounce *Engliſh* without blundering in Accent and Propriety of Diction: So neither can an *Engliſh* Man learn to ſpeak *French*, unleſs he ſnuffs *damnably*, or keeps a *French* Miſtreſs; the doing either of which, will help to improve and perfect him in the Language in a very little Time.

But this little Scrap (if I may call it ſo) of *French* Hiſtory, brings to my Remembrance a Story of a Presbyterian Parſon, who, in troubleſome Times, was perſecuted for his Religion. All of his Perſuaſion were denied a Toleration, and fin'd, and impriſon'd, if catch'd at any Conventicle. Among many others, it happ'd to be this Man's Lot to be apprehended, afterward to be kept *in ſalva Cuſtodia*, till the Aſſizes commenc'd in the County Town. At which Time he was carried before the

Judges, and examined concerning the Facts that were alledged againſt him. After ſome previous Queſtions, relating to this Affair, one of 'em ask'd him, whence it came to paſs that the Presbyterian Parſons generally ſpoke thro' their Noſes? The honeſt Man replied, without any Dread, after this Manner: My Lord, the Anſwer to your Lordſhip's Query is as ready as 'tis true. My Lord, you know the Biſhops have ſtopped up our Mouths, and we muſt either ſpeak thro' our Noſes, or elſe hold our Tongues. This Repartee took ſo mightily with the Judge, that, openly, before the Court, he applauded the Parſon, and ſaid, he could not diſſent from him for his witty Anſwer. Accordingly he diſmiſſed him from further Proſecution, and, on finiſhing the Buſineſs of the Day, invited him to dine with him.

The Parſon attended him with a joyful Heart, went to his Lordſhip's Houſe and crack'd many Jokes, and eat and drank as heartily as a Biſhop: So that the Judge found, to his Coſt, he had both Noſe and Mouth, and could uſe 'em, whenever Occaſion ſerv'd him, as well as a L——d. But,

I muſt beg the Reader's Pardon for this Digreſſion, for Mouths, I know, ſhould not be introduced, when I talk of Noſes and their Support alone. No, marry, this ought not to be, tho' ſome Mouths and Noſes frequently meet together.

Thus

Thus, when your tip-top Beaux meet with your Belles Dames, they Mouth conſumedly, Tongue damnably, and Bill as heartily. There is no knowing, for ſometime, what they would be at, nor kenning, indeed, what Noſe is uppermoſt, or which of their Bridges bears the Aſcendant, until, at laſt, they come to join Giblets; and then, I own, the Superiority is diſcernable, and they are frequently tir'd, almoſt, to Death.

This is the Reaſon why Mr. *Chez-nous's* Lady, after dancing a *Horn* Dance with Captain *Buckrom*, is ſometimes ſo very much fatigued that ſhe's indiſpos'd, perhaps, for three Fortnights, and longs as much for a Piece of the *Moon*, as a Lady of *Breeding* does for *Green Cheeſe*: Nay, further, will lay the Blame of this *Lunar* Diſorder upon her own dear Spouſe, rather than upon the *Captain*.

I grant that the *Captain* might not have danc'd ſo frequently with her, and, therefore, 'tis poſſible, is not ſo culpable. But, the Query is, if he's not, partly, to be blamed, conſidering that he muſt have contributed to her Diſorder? For,

In ſuch Caſes, 'tis much the ſame as in *Cuckoldom*. If one Man gets in with another Man's Wife, forgets the Commandments, and begets upon her Body, tho' the Husband will be call'd the Father of the Child; yet every one, who has heard

of the other Fellow's dabbling, will be apt to ſay, *He put a Noſe to't.*

True, your Midwives, and Wives, and Widows, in a Neighbourhood, always ſay, at a Lying-in, that the Child is its Father's Picture; tho' God knows, 'tis often as unlike the Good-man, as a *Square* is to a *Circle*; and you might as well believe a *Rotundum Quadratum*, as lay any Streſs upon their Equivocations. Like it's Father it may be, and that's all their Meaning; which they expreſs ambiguouſly, to palliate their own Tricks, in order to deceive you by a double *Entendre*. Who ever queſtions a Thing of this Sort, unleſs when the Mother makes *away* with the Child? None ever did; none ever can.

And ſo betwixt 'em, both together,
A Child is got, and *Dick*'s the Father;
Be ſure he is; —— and at its Birth,
There's nought but Banqueting and Mirth.
L——d love it (with a Buſs) cries one,
It is, in C——ence, Dad's own Son.
Ay, marry, is it, —— ſays another;
It has no Features of its Mother.
—— Bleſs me! But did you ever ſee
Two Noſes ſo exactly 'gree!
No, F—— th; ne'er did, replies a Third; ——
It is a pretty little Bird. ——
And, —— ſee the pretty little Chin,
With riſing ——and Dimple in!
And ſee the pretty little Neck,
The pretty Shoulders, and the Back; ——

Ay,——

Ay,——and the pretty Arms and Hands!
And how exact each Finger ſtands!
Do but obſerve, *there*, Couſin *Nelly*,
Behold the pretty little Belly!
And there's for you a clever Cock!
Indeed, already't does provoke——.
In troth, —— in Time theſe pretty Legs
Will be ſome where;——They will good Fegs!
Indeed, indeed,——they'll get between!——
Oh! Don't ſay ſo!—Pho! That's no Sin.—
Well then, as one may ſafely ſay,——
Will little Dear chooſe to Hey-Hey,
Indeed, indeed, I'll hold it out,
And there's for it a pretty Clout;—
But, Couſin *Nelly*;——Drink about.

But the merrieſt Thing that I ever heard upon this Subject is, a Story of a Man who had no Noſe, yet uſed to inſinuate himſelf into his Landlord's Wife, and, for that very Reaſon, was ſuppos'd to contribute to her Ventricular Growth. She happen'd, indeed, for ſome Years, to have no Child; but, at laſt, grow'd as Pregnant as any *Gin-drinker*. Whereupon ſeveral Folks, upon her Delivery, took Occaſion to ſay, the Child wa'n't all her Husband's, not meaning, that the honeſt Woman bore a-part in getting it. Ay F—th, ſaid one, Mr. What d'ye call-him ran ſnacks there. 'Egad, ſays another, and ſo I believe too. Z—ds, ſays a Third, I cou'd *almoſt* ſwear it; for I've watch'd them, often, and peep'd thro' the foraminous Parts of the Door,

com-

commonly call'd, a Key-Hole, or a Slit, and have ſeen the Fellow's Pendant, naſeal Leather, dangle over her (at every Nod he made) like the Digit of a fingerleſs Glove, *i. e.* a Glove that has neither Finger nor Thumb in it. Z—ds, I have, ſaid he; and, I cou'd almoſt ſwear it. By Yea, and by Nay, I cou'd; ſo I cou'd. He had a Finger in the Pye, as ſure as I'm there. And when the Child was got, he put a Noſe to't.

Now the Cream of the Jeſt is, whether a Man who has no Noſe, that's better than a Piece of Shammey, ſhou'd put a Noſe to any thing? How ſhou'd he do it. As impoſſible, certainly, as to fly up to the Moon in Eclipſe, without having a Lanthorn to ſhew the Way down.

But, I was exceedingly pleas'd with a Noſeleſs Fellow, who came, t'other Day, into a Barber's Shop, in order to have his Wig touch'd up, as they call it. He happ'd to be a *French-man*, as well as to want a Noſe: And, therefore, could ſpeak nor *French* nor *Engliſh* intelligibly; which made him hop about like the Devil on two Sticks. However, upon his coming in, he endeavour'd to talk to the Gentleman *Tonſor*, *alias* the Surgeon-Barber, thus;—— *Be gar, Sir, Me vant ſometing dun* two *dis* von *Vig of mine.*——*Can you take*

take it off, and ſet it on more agreeawbly? Oüi, Monſieur, replied the Barber; and, accordingly, he uncover'd *Monſieur's Peri-cranium*; ſet his Wig firſt upon one Block, which was neareſt the powdering Box, and then upon another that ſtood farther from it; but, at the ſame time, wanted a Noſe. The *Frenchman* took this deſperately ill, and ſeem'd to reſent it with a great deal of Warmth. *Be gar, Sir* (ſaid he) *yow affrunt me too vays. Vor, furſt, yow zet my Vig upon dis vooden Head, and den take it off from dat, and zet it upon anoder, dat has no more Nowſe den myne A—ſe! Be gar, me oonderſtand your Tricks. And den, agen, now, you laff at me. O de Tricks of de* Engliſh. *Vat, tho' me vant a Nowſe, vat's dat to you? Be gar, Sir, me break your Nowſe, if Me cou'd!* Pray, Sir, ſaid the Barber, don't be offended, I'm ſure I did not deſign to affront you; nor have I done any thing that you won't do your ſelf. Haw, haw, cry'd the *Frenchman, Vorſe and vorſe again. Be gar, you are powder'd already, but if me cou'd, me wou'd Oyl you all over, for de impudent Remark at pooting on my Vig. Here, for you, dere's Two Pence—but me'll pay you more, ſure, at ſome oder Time.*

Now, 'tis my humble Opinion, tho' the Barber might have acted inconſiderately in this reſpect, that he was guilty of no Ill-manners, nor cou'd juſtly incur the

Cenſure

Cenſure he receiv'd. What, tho' he took the Perriwig off one Block, and put it upon another, that's no new Thing; 'tis done daily, nightly, and every Hour o' the Day. And, if his Block happen'd to want a Noſe, that was his own Loſs, and it was well that his Noſe, ſuppoſe it ever ſo *ſhort*, eſcap'd ſo *long*, conſidering how often he had to do among Sharpers. Beſides,

A *Frenchman*, or any other, might know this much of *Rinography*, that great Blows, or Knocks, or hard K——ing, as we ſometimes ſay, will ſoon demoliſh the ſtrongeſt Noſe, that ever was made for a Face. The wooden Noſe, which was broke off the Block, is one Proof of this; and, Monſieur's having no Noſe, is certainly another, becauſe that Member is ſeldom or never cut off, unleſs it be to make a perfect Cure. True, we often ſay of a Fellow, who is noiſy or troubleſome, he deſerves to have his Noſe ſlit; but, that's a wrong way, becauſe 'tis but half-doing a Thing, or doing by halves; and, therefore, there's two to one if it ever cure effectually.

Mean time, there are ſeveral Stories of Noſes which occur to my Thoughts, and which I ſhall therefore recite, at preſent, leſt I ſhould happen afterward to loſe Scent of 'em, and ſo be as bad as if I had no Noſe myſelf.

One

One is of a Gentleman who had not this Member, but yet happ'd to ſmell a-piece of the good roaſt Beef of *England*, which was in his Neighbour's Houſe, and juſt going to be ſerv'd upon the Table. Accordingly he went and paid him a Viſit, with a Deſign, be ſure, to have a Stroak at it. Upon his going in, he found the Table cover'd, but the Maid had forgot to lay Knives and Forks. She immediately ask'd her Miſtreſs how many ſhe ſhould lay? Prithee now, ſays ſhe, why need you ask Queſtions? An't you a dull, ſtupid Girl? Why, only count Noſes, *Peggy*; and then you'll be right. The Gentleman hearing this, took it very ill, and thought that Madam intended to affront him, and ſo he went off, with a full Stomach, and empty Guts; that is, without a Dinner. Upon this, her Spouſe ſpoke to her about her imprudent Anſwer to the Maid. My dear, ſaid he, 'twas ill done to ſpeak ſo to *Peggy*; you might be very ſure, the Gentleman would be offended; you huff'd him, that's beyond Diſpute; and that made him take his Leave ſo abruptly. Madam reply'd, Huff him; don't talk to me of huffing; I only bad her count Noſes, and if he took it to himſelf, e'en let him; Ay, marry, let him, my Dear; if he has no Noſe, he has a Mouth for *all*, and he would have

devour'd more with it, than all the Noſes at Table; I know him well enough; pray ſpeak no more about him; I ſay, let him be gone; rot him, an old Rogue, let him follow his Noſe.

In like manner a Fellow, who had a very Long Noſe, came, one Night, into a certain Company met together in a publick Houſe, nigh the *Temple*. They were all Lawyers, Sollicitors, or Attornies. They all ſtar'd at his *long Bill*, tho' they generally make as *long Bills* themſelves as any Men. However, every time he drank when the Pot was full, he div'd, with his Noſe, half a Foot below the Froth, and never took it from his Head 'till the Froth left his Noſe. One whiſpers, Egad 'tis a pitty he were not a Stone-Horſe; he would certainly then have made a clever Gelding; for, your beſt Jockies ſay, there's no ſurer Sign of a good Nag, or durable Mare, than to drink deep; they obſerve, at Watering, they'll plunge above their Noſtrils. Ay, cries Mr. *Gooſequil*, and ſo do your Aſſes, and they're reckon'd as hardy Creatures as any of their Species. Mr. *Pleader* ſays next, that may be a Miſtake, for that ſort of Depth may be owing to a Heavineſs in the Head; and ſo, Gentlemen, you're out there. The Man over-heard all this Diſcourſe, and reply'd to them thus, Sirs, you're quite miſtaken of me; I'm

I'm no heavy-headed Fellow, nor ever get drunk with Bub, let me drink ever ſo deep, becauſe I always drink by rule of Noſe, and that is as ſure a Guide to me, as *Coke* upon *Littleton* is to a Petty-fogger. Here, Boy, what's to pay, or what have you to be paid, to ſpeak more properly. If I ever am intoxicated, 'tis with *Claret* or *Gin*; and the Reaſon is, becauſe the Glaſſes are narrow, and my Noſe gets ſome way or other over them, ſo that 'tis no Rule to me then. Well, I ſee the Chalks, there's my Reckoning, 'twill do for Number One. By the L——d *Harry*, I underſtand Figures, and always count fair.

Mr. *Quirk* immediately ſtarted up, and told him thus, Hold, Friend, ſtay half a Minute, you don't underſtand *Numbers* ſo well as you imagine, whatever *Figures* you may pretend to make. No, Sir, we muſt *reckon* you at the rate of *Number Two*; down with the *Cole* immediately——Why, Man, you drank both with Mouth and Noſe. Ha—ha; Egad, your wrong, if you think to impoſe upon Lawyers.

The poor Fellow immediately doubled his Reckoning, and went out as ſheepiſhly as if he had loſt his Noſe, tho' he might have ſpar'd half on't to any one that wanted.

However, to proceed in the Rinographical Order, I can't, without committing a Sin of Omiſſion, but relate the Story of *Parſon Bumper*, and *Timothy Badly, the Basket-Maker*. The Parſon was a clever jolly Man; a good Pot-Companion enough; wou'd always fill his Glaſs above Two-thirds full, at leaſt; and wou'd jeſt heartily, and yet ſtill be in Earneſt. Well, then, he one Day met this honeſt *Tim* in a Country Ale-houſe, and, tho' he had never ſeen him before, bad him Good Morrow, and ask'd him, if he might have the Liberty to ſit down by him. Ay, ay, ſaid *Tim* (and he ſnivel'd conſumedly, for he had nothing of a Noſe, but a Skin that hung by a Tack, and the Bridge was quite gone) Ay, ay, Maſter, you're heartily welcome; ——— Will you pleaſe to drink ſome Ale and Gin. With all my Heart, ſaid *Parſon Bumper*; they ſay, 'tis humming Stuff. ——— Well then, Here's my Service to you kindly: If I an't wrong, I take you for a Parſon; —— Well, if you pleaſe, I'll help you. Thank ye, Friend, ſays t'other; —— but, hold, hold, you fill me too much. ——— Never fear, ſays *Tim*; ——— too much; —— Lack-a-day! What was the reſt of the Glaſs made for? But you know, Friend, reply'd the Parſon, the common Saying, *That* an Inch o' the Top is worth two o' the Bottom. ———

Right

Right enough, anſwers *Tim*, and that made me fill it up; and three Inches are better than two. Come, Man, it won't hurt ye, I warrant ye. Well, but we muſt take care of ourſelves, ſays the Parſon to him. —— You've heard the other Proverb, *An Inch is a great deal in the Length of a Man's Noſe.* And if I ſhould fall and break half an Inch off mine, I ſhould think myſelf *badly* off. However, Friend, here's at ye. —— At me, ſays *Tim*: Well, I thank you: — 'Tis at me, that's true; — 'Tis firſt at my Name, for my Name is *Badly*, tho' that don't hurt one: —— And then again, 'tis at my *Noſe*, and you muſt take a Care of that; —— you ſee 'tis in a bad Condition. 'Egad, Maſter, you did that with a Deſign. —— Upon my Conſcience, ſays the Parſon (the L—d forgive me for ſwearing) I can't ſay I had no Deſign in it. I verily believ'd that you had known my Name, which is *Bumper*, and that you, therefore, intended to affront me with your full Glaſs; for I fancy'd 'twas as much as to ſay, I well deſerv'd my Name, and could never drink but out of a Brimmer. Well, let us both forget and forgive; —— We both miſtook one another. Mean time, Mr. *Badly*, pray what Trade are you of? Why, Sir, I'm a *Basket-Maker*, and follow'd the Trade for many Years. I thought ſo, ſaid the Parſon, to be free

with

with you now, for (you'll pardon me) your Noſe tells it.——I fear you have purſued the Game too far; — you know my Meaning. Not I, anſwer'd *Badly*, I never went a Hunting, nor Setting, nor Courſing, nay, nor even Cocking, which is no Game, in all my born Days,——What! I warrant you think ſome Country 'Squire, belonging to the Game, catch'd me a Pouching. No; No; Sir, you're quite wrong there. Do, however, tell me the Fate of your Noſe: How did you come to have it ſo, ſays Mr. *Bumper?* Why, Sir, anſwer'd he, you don't challenge it, I hope? I hold this Noſe by a very good Tenure, and I hope to have and to hold it as long as I can.— It has no Bridge, that's true; but there's a Doctor, I hear, at t'other End of the Town, who can ſet it to rights, and clap a good Bridge into't; ay, marry, as good a one as ever the firſt was. Nay, I'll be *p—x'd* then, cries the Parſon, if ever he *claps* any Thing into't like the firſt Bridge. But pray tell me how you came to have it ſo? Be ſo good, I beſeech you! do, Mr. *Badly*! Why then, ſaid he, ſince you will know, I came to have it by *Stitching*. —— By *Stitching*, anſwers the Doctor; — No ſure, it muſt rather be by not Stitching, I ſhould think. No, Sir, ſays he again, you're out there: For, you muſt learn, that Yeſterday it was quite off; but

but an honeſt Girl in the Neighbourhood, was ſo good, thro' my Solicitations, as to ſtitch it on for me. And its entirely owing to her that I come to have it ſo as it is; ſo that I'm right ſtill. No, you're not right ſtill, cries the Doctor, and I'll ſhew you how. You muſt know, then, 'tis in a very bay Way, and that's owing to not Stitching, at leaſt to not Stitching *ſoundly*. I would have you to know, I underſtand Things, Mr. *Badly*; had you got a Girl that could have ſtitch'd it thoroughly, it might have been much firmer, and not dangled as it does. Why Man, you have been following the old Trade of Basket-making; that's the Caſe. I know what I could ſay privately. You underſtand my Meaning. But Parſons, tho' they may ſay any Thing, in ſome Companies, and do any Thing, yet can't, dare not, be ſo free in every Place. That's true, ſays *Badly*; they're all *Something*. Well, no Matter what. Egad, they're either Fools, or Wiſe, or Mad, or Sober, and yet find out every Thing. So, Doctor, there's the *Reckoning*; and God bleſs ye. ——— I wiſh you, *Badly*, heartily well, ſays the Parſon; and ſo they parted.

There is a more remarkable Account behind, than any I have yet told you. A certian Perſon, much in the ſame Cue with Mr.

Badly,

Badly, with a Noſe as looſe, yet with ſomething of a Bridge in't, took a Walk one Morning along the River of *Thames*. There was, at that Time, if we can believe Hiſtory, no paſſing over the Water but by Boats; and the Man, 'tis probable, was in Purſuit of the firſt Oars. However, having Occaſion to diſcharge his Naſeal Member, he took out his Handkerchief and blow'd heartily, and then ſhak'd it over the brink of the River. But, behold, as he again deſign'd to wipe his Noſe, to better purpoſe, he found it was gone; and that he had not dealt tenderly enough with it. Beſides, he intended to have ſeen his Miſtreſs, who then liv'd on *Southwark* Side. But, upon miſſing his Noſe, he grow'd ſo angry, that he immediately jumped in and drowned himſelf, uttering theſe Words before he took his Leap, *I always lov'd to follow my Noſe.*

Some give a farther Account of this Story. They tell us, that it was believed by many Inhabitants of this City, that *London Bridge*, as 'tis call'd, grew out of the Bridge of this Man's Noſe; and that the Deſcendants from the Family of Great Noſes were the firſt who built Houſes upon the *Bridge*: For which Reaſon, ſay they, they made them all

Pro-

Prominent, as the Houſes are at this Day, which ſtand upon it.

As for my own Part, I may ſay it without Vanity, I have as good a Noſe as any Body. 'Tis neither Crooked nor Strait, Flat nor Curve, and yet it anſwers all the Uſes that I would chooſe to devote it to. And I have a fine Girl, that, upon Tryal, I firſt married for a Night, and, upon liking, next married for three Fortnights, and then, being charm'd with her, married for as long as ſhould pleaſe us both to continue together.

She has a pretty Noſe too, as I ever have ſeen, and it tallies with mine as exactly as any two Things poſſibly can. Ay, and we have other Things, as ſhe ſays, and I myſelf believe, fit and ſuit one another as well. Beſides, all the Features of her Face, and other Parts of her Body, are ſo finely formed by Nature, that, when I have ſeen her ſtand, in a Summer Evening, upon the Brink of the Rivulet that runs by our Garden, I have queſtioned whether or no ſhe was not really ſome Angel, that the Gods had permitted to deſcend from her Cœleſtal Abode, in order to inſpire me with bliſsful Tranſports.

Sometimes, when I beheld her there at a Diſtance from me, either viewing the Currency of the Stream, or reading ſome

entertaining Novel, I have been ſeized with an Aguiſh Panick. My Head has ſhaked like the Leaves of a quaking Aſp; My Hair ſtood an End like the Comes of the Sun; nay, all the Limbs and Parts of my Body, excepting one Member, have ſhivered with an uncommon and ſurprizing *Tremor*.

In order to prevent this Uneaſineſs for the future, and render my Angel's Life more ſecure, I reſolved to have a Bridge built over the Rivulet, which being well immured on each Side, ſhould preſerve her from Danger.

After ſome Time, I put my Reſolution into Practice; it was beautifully Built, finely Arched, and as nicely Graveled. But, to gratify her Curioſity, a Chaſm, of an Oval Form, was left in it, thro' which ſhe might have the Pleaſure, when ſhe pleaſed, of ſeeing the Water glide by. Tho' it was dangerous, in ſome Reſpects, it was pleaſant in others; being finely adorned all around with Flowers and crinal Twigs.

I have often fallen above three Parts thro', but never ſunk quite down, becauſe my Angel always ſupported me. My Dear, ſhe has ſaid, at the critical Juncture, I will ſave you from all Harm, I will run all Riſques, e'er you ſhould be loſt. And ſo, when ſhe has perceived

I was like to loſe my Feet, ſhe has fallen Horizontally to prevent my going quite thro'. The L——d bleſs us both as long as we live together; and that is a good Prayer, tho' you may think it a ſhort one.

After all, I cannot diſmiſs this Subject, without giving you a ſhort Sketch of the *Etimology* of the Noſe. Some think it comes from the Latin Word *Noſco*, to know, and for this Reaſon, becauſe a good Noſe, generally, ſcents well: And to confirm their *Hypotheſis*, they inſtance, that ſort of *canine* Creatures, call'd *Hounds*, which, ſay they, find out every thing, know every thing, hunt every thing, and catch any thing, meerly by the Dint of their ſtaunch Noſes; while your little Curs (add they) of the Lap-Dog-make, are only fit for licking a Lady's Face over, and for catching your little dancing Animals, commonly call'd Fleas, which does not require a Noſe ſo much as Tongue and Teeth.

I muſt beg leave to diſſent from theſe Men's *Hypotheſis*, becauſe I don't think their Criticiſm juſt upon the Whole. I ſhould rather imagine, that the Word *Noſe* comes from the Latin Word *Naſus*, and that again from the Verb *Naſcor*, which ſignifies *to grow*, and that it had this Name given to it,

becauſe 'tis an Excreſcence of the Face, or grows with a Prominence out from it. This, tho' a ſhort Account, ſeems to me more feaſable than the other, and to correſpond better with Reaſon and Senſe *. The *Latins*, indeed, often uſe *Nares*, tho' it only ſignifies the *Noſtrils*, for the whole Noſe; but that is by a Figure of *pars pro toto*, or becauſe there is no ready Paſſage on either Side of the Bridge, without taking ſome Pains to keep it clear; which a Man ſhould, by the by, endeavour to do, if ever he would deſire to have a clean Noſe.

The *Greeks* call the Noſe ῥὶς and ῥὶν [*Ris* and *Rin*] which come from the Verb ῥέω, to flow. Theſe Words are very proper, becauſe they are very expreſſive or emphatical. For there is a conſtant Flux thro' ſome Noſes, in all Weathers, even tho' the Paſſages be obſtructed with *Havannah* or *Rappee*, or ſome other ſort of titilating Powder: And, therefore, the *Greeks* Uſe the ſame Words for the *Noſtrils*, which they do for the *Noſe*; namely, becauſe the Tide goes out, when the Water is either Higheſt or Loweſt.

But,

* What confirms me in my Opinion is, becauſe the *French* call the Noſe *le nez*, which, very probable, comes from their Verb *Naitre*, which, likewiſe, ſignifies to grow. This is as likely as that they ſhould derive it from the *Latin* Word.

But, in order to prevent the Publick from committing any Error in Criticiſm, I muſt put them in Mind of one Thing, which is this, *viz.* To take a ſpecial care of miſtaking the Latin Word *Nates* for *Nares.* There is only a Letter's Difference between them; and, every body knows, that is very little. The laſt of theſe I have already explained, and ſhewed the Meaning of; I have made it evidently appear, that it ſignifies, either the Noſe or the Noſtrils, including the Bridge. Whereas the former, that is *Nates*, ſignifies two orbicular Satellites which are often eclipſed, but attend, or rather keep Guard of a certain Planet call'd, *Os Sacrum*, yet ſometimes are viſible to the naked Eye. I, therefore, give this fair Warning, that if any, either thro' Inadvertency, or Deſign, ſhall miſtake theſe Terms, or confound them, ſo as to put them together, or uſe them promiſcuouſly, ſo as to make one paſs for the other, he will certainly come to repent of his Folly, and meet with what he will well deſerve, that is, a very diſagreeable *Noſegay.*

F I N I S.